

15

# The Focus

## Senior Number

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June, 1917

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State Normal School  
Farmville, Virginia





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# THE FOCUS

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VOL. VII

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## The Fountain of Youth

*E. C. F. Malcolm*

Over the oceans,  
Over the mountains,  
Into the forest,  
I, Ponce de Leon,  
Seek for the fountain,  
The fountain of Youth.

In the night visions  
I restlessly toss;  
The dark waving cypress,  
The trailing gray moss  
Moan in the everglade,  
Call me to answer them,  
Call me to hunt through them,  
Hunt for the fountain,  
The dewy-flushed fountain,  
The fountain of Youth.

The moon comes, a laggard,  
She treads on the treetops,  
She beckons to follow her  
Ever to westward,  
To hunt for my fountain,  
My fountain of Youth.

The years have rolled over me  
And wrinkled my forehead,  
The maidens have begged me  
To stay from my searching,  
The flowers have clung to me,  
Perfume distilling;  
I brush them away from me,  
Care not for love for me,  
Ere find I my fountain,  
My fairy-filled fountain,  
The fountain of Youth.

Over the ocean,  
Over the mountain,  
I journey in search of  
A mystical fountain.  
Oh! have you heard of it?  
My heart for a taste of it,  
Taste of the fountain,  
The free-flowing fountain,  
My heart's desire fountain,  
The fountain of Youth!

## The Step-Mother

*Myrtle Parker*

**G**OU'VE never had a step-mother, Helen, and you can't know what it means. It makes me so mad. I thought at first I'd be perfectly happy if I got 'honorable mention' and the play came off all right. But I know I can't ever be happy now that daddy married her. I hate the thought of it and I don't see how he could have done it."

"Poor child, I guess it is terrible. But maybe it won't seem so bad after you know her."

"Oh, I've known her five years and there really isn't any reason why I shouldn't like her. She's all right as Miss Williams, but as Mrs. C. E. Johnston, she's awful."

"What does your father say about it, Patty?"

"Oh, he says if he'd known how I felt about it, he'd never have done it. Of course he knows I don't like it. I guess everybody does, for I can't help but show it. I tried to like her when I was home Easter, but it was the first time I'd been home since the wedding and everything was so changed. To see her using mother's things nearly killed me."

"Don't think about it, honey. Tell me about Joe. You haven't mentioned him for a long time. Isn't he as sweet as ever?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But I could hardly think of Joe when everything was so upset at home. He asked me nearly every day during Easter holiday what was the matter. When you're engaged to a man he thinks you ought to do exactly what he wants you to, always. And you see I don't always want to do his way."

"Are you glad commencement is over? Just think,

only one more hour before you leave and maybe this is the last real talk we'll have. It's pitiful, I think."

"I do, too, Helen. I hate to leave. We've had so much fun, and commencement has been so lovely. Wasn't the dance wonderful? I'll never forget how Ann looked. The play was cute, too, and the songs and everything made these last days so sweet. Just think, no more parties between bells, no more dancing in gym, no more dramatic club plays, no more long talks after light bell when you're spending the night out, but worst of all, there are so many girls we'll probably never see again. I hate to leave, especially when I have to go home to Miss Williams; and now she's Mrs. Johnston."

With a sob Patty's yellow hair went down on the bed. She was a child, in spite of her twenty years, and her father's marriage seemed the greatest tragedy that could enter her life.

"Come on, Patty dear, you'll have to get ready or you'll never catch the five-forty-nine. Go home happy. Joe'll make it easier for you and you can write me all your troubles."

"I don't care about Joe or anything, any more—I'm so mad."

A fresh burst of sobs followed and it was with much excitement and hurry that Helen finally put Patty on the five-forty-nine, and with a final "Be good, honey, and write me everything," saw the train pull out.

When Patty stepped off the train, at home, she found her father's arms around her.

"Daddy, darling, I'm *so* glad to be home. I don't want to leave ever again. But where is *she*?"

The inflection in Patty's voice showed her opinion of her father's wife.

"My dear, don't speak of my wife in that tone, please."

"Forgive me, daddy, I don't want to be mean."

"I know, Patty, but we *both* love you and we want

you to love *both* of us. Try, honey, and as soon as you find that you do tell her. Will you?"

"Yes, daddy. But where's Joe?"

"Well, baby, you see—"

"What?" Patty's voice was eager.

"There was an accident this afternoon and Joe—"

"Hurt? Oh! daddy, much?"

"I don't know, dear. Try not to get excited. I heard just as I left the house and I couldn't find out details. He's at St. Joseph's Hospital."

"Oh!" moaned a small voice, and two small hands clasped the man's arm convulsively. "Take me to him quick, daddy."

When Patty reached the hospital and stopped outside the room in which Joe lay, the shaded light showed only the outlines of the long figure on the bed. Her father remained at the door, but the girl with white face and trembling hands flew across the room.

"Joe, Joe," her voice was low and tender, "dear, it's Patty. Are you badly hurt?"

"Why, little sweetheart, I didn't expect you to come. So sorry I couldn't meet you, but the accident—"

"Oh! tell me, are you hurt much?"

"Why, no, hon', just jarred and scratched, and my head is cut. I'll be out in a day or two."

Then the pent-up tears came and Patty with her hands in those of her lover's, told him what the suspense of the last hour had meant to her.

"But, I must go now, Joe," she said, "it's late and daddy's waited so long. But I'll come early in the morning."

"Home at last," breathed Patty as she stepped on the porch. The door opened and a figure, sweet and welcoming, opened her arms to Patty.

"Will you let me tell you," Patty said shyly, "how sorry I am that I haven't realized before how dear you are? Tonight I faced for an hour the thought of giving up Joe. Now I can see what you and daddy are to each other, and won't you let me in, too?"

## By Way of Celebration

*Virginia Mayo*

“T'S A HORRIBLY childish thing to do, but didn't I say I was going to forget that I had been accepted principal of the Chanel school, just for today? From ten until six this afternoon I'm going to be twelve years old and not one day over.”

All this, Anne Wakefield said to no other than herself, unless conscience can be considered an outsider, and it was addressed as an excuse for her great desire to get in the coolest, most inviting stream possible and wade to her heart's content. It's true she was twenty-three years old, had taught two years, and as I have said before had been appointed principal of her little school near Chapel Hill. But then one must celebrate the big things in life, and to do that she wanted to get in that cool water and see just how far the sand would creep over her toes. Oh, but it would be wonderful, but still she must be cautious.

“I'd better look both up and down and all around, because, now for instance, suppose I should be wading along, when, oh well, some of Chapel Hill's most prominent citizens should come along? Whew! I'd duck under I know, but why worry? No one's coming. It's settled; off you come, you sensible shoes, and in I go. I wonder if my weenies, bread, and matches are safe. There, under the tree you go. You'll taste good when I come back.”

“O-o-o-h! it is cold. Now that I'm used to it it feels better though, and oh the sand! I'm going adventuring. I wonder where you'll take me, little stream?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Gee, but I'm hungry! It must have been one good mile across that hill to this cool place. It does look

cool, doesn't it, 'Chum;' but here, what's that you're finding, over there, old boy? Drop it, I say; if it's something to eat I get my share first. You're barking like it's good, old man. By my life if it's not everything just for a fire and weenies. I wonder—but it wouldn't be like stealing, 'Chum,' old pal, 'cause I can leave some money and the little shaver who left them will be gladder to have the money, won't he?"

Again we see a conversation with Sir Conscience and again Sir Conscience gives over. The building of a fire only took a few minutes, and soon "Chum" was watching his master eat the "meal of his camp life," with a piece thrown in for himself now and then.

"It was worth a good two dollars don't you think, Chum? Now shoes and we follow that stream right up through the middle. Where will it take us, I wonder? Any fishes up there, Chum, you reckon? Oh, it feels good to get out once more! Do I look the 'catch of the season' now, with these tweeds? That's what I was called the other night. Just because a fellow goes to South America and acquires a little money is no reason he wants to come back and dance his life away. Aunt Jane says I should be thinking of marrying, but land, she's going the wrong way to interest me. Now, if she'd bring some of the girls out here on a good old picnic and I could find one who really liked it, then maybe I would settle down."

Chum was used to these talkative spells of his master and he already knew just what each girl in Aunt Jane's crowd looked like; and he was an appreciative listener, too.

"Gee, it's pretty along here! You go straight forward, then a sharp curve—"

"O-oo-h! I, I," then a thought of the height of her skirt.

"But, but, you'll get it wet won't you, down in the water like that? I'm sorry; I can turn around and go back the other way."

"Oh, please, please, don't, I—I mean, you see I have to go that way!"

"And you decidedly wish me to go in the opposite direction?"

"Oh, no; that is, you can go anyway you want. We could have fun together, but you, oh! can't you see I must have my shoes on first. You see I'm twelve years old just for today and I just had to wade!"

"Oh, I see. Then you like this sort of thing too, and after you get your shoes, can we walk over all this beautiful place together?"

"Oh, yes. Then we can explore together, can't we. And name all the places. Did you ever do it when you were little?"

"Lots of times. But hurry, or we can't go far."

As their neared their destination Tom Carson started thinking in terms of weenies and bread, for whose else could they be?

"You can have lunch with me too, if you fix the fire—"

"Er-r yes. But I'm 'fraid you'll be the least bit mad and—. Gee, but you must be hungry?"

Then came his explanation. "Chum" followed along, approving, of course.

"But all this doesn't help any and you're hungry! But listen, I know you're going to say it's unconventional, but on the other side of that hill I have my car and couldn't we finish the day with dinner at the country club? My name's Tom Carson and I won't even ask your's if you'll come. I really must do something to make up for my former behavior."

"Wait until I put on my shoes," she said as he stopped and let her go on in the opposite direction "I'll call when I'm ready."

He did seem nice, just as nice as she had heard several girls say he was. It wasn't as if she had never heard of him, and tomorrow she would once more assume her principalship dignity. Yes, she would go, she decided, as with a jerk, she tied the "most sensible

shoes." Smilingly she picked up the two-dollar bill and going towards her companion handed it to him. To "pay for our luncheon," she said, and smiled as he had the grace to blush. He was large and *very*, *very* masculine too!

They talked over many things before the hill was finally climbed and the car was reached. He learned her name "to make things less formal," as she had said, and when he heard of the principalship he almost gasped, because it's needless to say he hadn't failed to notice her smallness and attractiveness from the wealth of brown hair to the small but "sensible shoes" and, with it all, she seemed quite young.

"'Chum' and I have had a most wonderful day, Miss Wakefield, and as you said today, one must celebrate the big things in his life, I want to ask you to help me celebrate today next Saturday. We can explore our picnic grounds and name the places as we started to do today."

It did sound tempting, in fact, too much so to resist.

"All right, I'll do it—So, good-bye, until next Saturday."

\* \* \* \* \*

If anyone wants to know just why the Chanel School had a new principal the following year, they may refer to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Carson.

## Summer's Here

*By A Senior*

Don't you hear that humming bird?  
"Hum-m-m-m."

Oh, what mem'ries bright he's stirred!  
"Hum-m-m-m."

Don't you hear that cow a-lowin'?  
"Moo-oo-oo-oo."

She's glad to see the green things growin'.  
"Moo-oo-oo-oo."

Don't you hear that thrush a-singin'?  
"Will you-u-u?"

To his nest a mate he's bringin'.  
"Will you-u-u?"

Don't you hear the soft winds sighin'?  
"Swi-ish-sh-sh."

In the far-off tree tops dyin'.  
"Swi-ish-sh-sh."

Don't you hear that farmer plowin'?  
"Gee haw-aw-aw!"

For a good crop he's allowin'.  
"Gee haw-aw-aw!"

Don't you hear that rooster crowin'?  
"Cuck-oo-oo-oo!"

Of all wise birds he's the most knowin'.  
"Cuck-oo-oo-oo!"

Don't you hear that nigger singin'?  
"Swing low-ow-ow?"—  
He fills the woods with echoes ringin'—  
"Sweet char-ar-ri-ot!"

Don't you know what all this means?  
Sweet summer's here;  
And in all the world it seems  
There's not a tear.

## Bobby's First Lesson

THE GREAT DAY has come at last! Ever since Bobby was a baby, he and mother had been planning together for the time when he would be a *big* boy and start to the kindergarten. And now their dreams were to be realized; the day had come, and Bobby looked a man indeed, as mother knelt on the floor beside him to say good-bye. It was always on great occasions that mother knelt to kiss Bobby, for then his blue eyes and her brown ones met and told each other "intimate" things that no one else could ever, ever understand. Today Bobby's eyes, bluer than ever above the stiff blue linen suit, sparkled and danced with excitement, and mother's eyes sparkled, too; but Bobby's eyes suddenly grew wide with wonder for on his mother's beautiful face were tears. In a moment two chubby arms enfolded her, and as they clung a moment together in silence, even in Bobby's six-year old heart came the realization that some things were changing never to be the same again.

Father's quick step and—"Come, son, let's be off," drew them apart, and after a short walk Bobby was ushered into the great, sunny kindergarten of the training school.

Oh, how big it all was, but how pretty! The long, low tables with their numerous chairs were made just the right size for a six-year old, the great windows with their boxes of flowers, and oh the piano! What an ideal place for a play house!

At first the many other little boys and girls all seemed strange to his dazzled eyes, but gradually he began to recognize among them his playmates and friends.

How he wished those smiling young ladies who flitted uncertainly here and there would go away

and let them play. But this, he soon found, was not the way of school. They descended upon him and after taking away his coat and rubbers and his new red hat, they put him in a chair and asked him questions, oh, so many questions! Bobby ran his chubby fingers through his crisp yellow hair and wondered what he must do. If mother were only here to talk for him. All the pretty young ladies smiled and the other lady, who looked like his mother, smiled also; but Bobby's literal mind saw nothing to smile at. Were they all going to laugh at him? He knew they would if he talked, so he pressed one red lip against the other, and ramming his hands into his pockets for safe keeping, he maintained gloomy silence against every effort of the winsome teacher.

Finally, the pretty lady, with a wonderful dress all full with pleats that seemed never to end, gave them blocks and began telling them how to build wonderful things.

Suddenly the door opened and Bobby fairly jumped when he saw the little girl who entered. If ever there was a fairy princess alive in the world, this was she. Never, thought Bobby, was there another little girl so beautiful.

Yes, he *knew* she was the fairy princess, for had not mother always told him of the princess whose cheeks were rose petals, whose eyes forget-me-nots and whose hair was spun gold.

The lady with the wonderful pleats was bringing her across the room and now she sat by his side. Bobby slid his chair towards her and shyly offered to share his blocks.

"Here, my house 's bigger 'an his; it's gonna be a hotel."

The princess made a fleeting comparison and moved away from Bobby to Jimmy Crutz of the hotel.

Jealousy was a new sensation to Bobby, but none the less strong for all that; his small face flushed and his eyes stung with unshed tears. With one swift

sweep of his arms he sent his house crashing to the floor at the feet of his astonished teacher.

"Bobby Stone, aren't you—?"

Here she stopped; her woman's intuition understood all in a glance, and her woman's wit came to the help of the spurned Bobby.

"Come," she said in her sweetest tone, "I will give you a *big* boy's game. See if you can put all these bright colored pegs in place, and make every color match." Then in a lower tone, "Don't you notice the little girl, and pretty soon she is going to want to help you."

In five minutes the charm had worked, and the Princess at Bobby's side fitted in pegs the color of her own pretty eyes.

Bobby fitted pegs, too, but in his mind were many new and puzzling thoughts.

## A Gastronomic Adventure

*Elizabeth C. F. Malcolm*

**I** WAS GOING, yes, actually going. The car was dark and rattled most peculiarly. Outside the landscape bore that strange, misty, unreal look that the earth wears just before daybreak. A low moaning fitfully disturbed the trees as they sailed by in the gray mist. I was half asleep yet.

Why was I here? Oh, yes! I recalled how they (the powers that be) had told me I was to go up to Cardigan to substitute for a teacher that had been taken ill.

A pungent odor of fried bacon and hominy greeted my senses, reminding me of that farewell supper at eleven last night when I had revelled in potted ham—my favorite stunt, by the way. Oh, I hadn't really known how hungry I really was after that one-mile dash. My thoughts went back. Golly, I had run! You see when we got to the station the train was gone and we had to make a noise like a comet and streak down the track. Well, I had captured and boarded the train, now, thank heavens.

I looked out of the window. A cloud was coming. There was a low rumble. The air grew heavy. A storm had clouded up the whole sky, sullen masses of cloud split with streaks of lightning. My spirits became depressed. I was so sleepy and tired. Just then the rain began to descend in torrents.

Suddenly a hand touched my arm. I looked up and saw the most villainous person my eyes have ever beheld. He was a little old man with long side whiskers and one eye gone, the other one though shone with a piercing brightness. When he opened his mouth to talk, I saw one lone yellow tooth.

"Be ye the teacher? Hev' ye a grip. Tee, hee."

"Yes," I replied. But he made no move to take it so I, perforce, must grip (kill it, don't let it suffer) the grip.

"Come on," he quavered. "Tee hee."

This little malicious chuckle seemed to follow everything he said. He constantly chewed. (Though what with I can't imagine.)

The train had gone by this time, and we stood alone on a long platform. There was no station and not the sign of a house. The rain was still pouring fast.

"Isn't there anything to meet us?" I queried in dismay.

"Ye got to walk a spell. Tee hee."

We set out up the muddy road and before I had plodded along very far I was drenched. It was still dark. We could scarcely see a step in front of us. In about half an hour we came to a little path with a stile over it. As he turned aside there, I followed. The path led up through a grove of boxwood, dark and funereal looking, and finally ended in a cleared place entirely surrounded by the boxwoods. In the center, an old octagonal-shaped brick house seemed the embodiment of all the feelings I had endured in the last half hour. The roof was partly tumbled in and the porches, one on each side of the house, as far as I could see, had rotted away. As I followed the old man in, a damp, musty odor, as of a place deserted for centuries, seemed to eddy out. On the threshold I turned. Much to my horror I could not see a sign of the path by which I had come. But the easiest thing seemed to be to follow, so I did.

I came into a high-ceilinged room. Cobwebs hung in the corners and patches of dark-looking mold fuzzed up on everything. Even as I shuddered, as if sprung from nowhere, a bent old mammy stood at my elbow. There was such a look of compassionate pity in her eyes that I almost cried out. I was about to speak, but she shook her head and pointed to an old chair upholstered in moth-eaten Spanish leather

which might once have been gilded. I sat down, and turning around to speak to her, I found a long table at my elbow. I most certainly had not seen it there before, but my meditations were cut short by the coming of breakfast.

After I had finished, the old darkey took me to my room, a narrow, dark, little cubby hole. There was an ancient bed with a straw tick on it. The room was dark and musty and the plaster had fallen off in large chunks and there were dark, discolored places on the walls.

I turned around quickly. Though I had not heard a sound, I had an uneasy sense of being watched. I glanced at the door it was swinging silently to and fro—silently, yet it had creaked dismally when I opened it! I watched it, fascinated. A long, bony hand with talon-like fingers slid up from the edge. Then as silently as it had opened, the door closed. Just then a damp gust of wind, from who knows where, blew out my sputtering lamp. I made one leap for the bed. Though frightened to death, I must have dozed off, but all at once I heard an unearthly moan, a low, blood-curdling moan at my elbow. I shrank; I could feel myself shrinking. The dawn ought to have come by now, I thought, yet I was in total darkness. The last weird echo of the moan had died away; the storm outside must have subsided, for I heard no rain.

Suddenly, a strange, eery, misty light, greenish gray, seemed to pulsate through the room. I became violently aware of the thumping of my heart. Just as I was about to reach for my slippers, I heard a low drip-drip. I could not imagine what it was. I soon found out! My hand reached out, only to touch something cold and sticky. I drew it in like a shot.

It was covered with blood.

I looked out; yes, there on the floor was an ever-widening pool of blood, slowly swelling in the peculiar greenish light. I followed it up with my eyes; there—there on the floor was a human head. The yellow

skin was shrunken, the strange green light seemed to come from the ghastly whitish eyeballs. From the mouth, drop by drop, trickled the blood. Just at that time I felt a steely hand on my shoulder. I could bear no more. Yet I could not scream. With a last mighty effort, I turned around.

"There, there," said the conductor in a kindly voice, "Wake up, little lady, the next station is Cardigan. We're getting in now."

"Thank you so much," I murmured, still shaking. And then to myself, "I bet two cents no more potted ham for Elizabeth at night!"

## Blue Ridge

*L. C. H.*

**I**T WAS toward the eventide of a rare June day—one of those rare June days that only our own Southern climate can bring—that we bade a fond farewell to the dear old Normal School and to those friends that we loved so dearly and really turned our faces toward the Land of the Sky. The golden hours sped swiftly by and before the sun had reached its zenith on the following day we had indeed been borne up from the sordid every-day life of the plains into the purer atmosphere of God's first temples. The heavens, which seemed in actual reach of us, indeed did declare the glory of God and the firmament showed his handiwork.

We were greeted on every hand, not by those who could say and do nice things, but by people who, by virtue of their daily contact with God, had developed the best things in life. They were not the average people that we meet every day; they were a select group, chosen on account of their purity and virtue. They had struggled and conquered. The light of God seemed to shine out on their very faces.

All the hurry, bustle, and selfishness seemed to have passed out of our lives. We were a community of six hundred girls, actually living a life that was well pleasing in the sight of the most high God. The very atmosphere itself seemed to be permeated with the spirit of good will.

We, like the average school-girl, had sacrificed ten perfectly whole days out of our short vacation to attend the Blue Ridge Conference. What had we come for? What did we get? What use have we made of it? Some of us had come out of curiosity, some because we thought that it was the right thing to do, and some because we were seeking help. What-

ever the motive was that we came with, we all received an inspiration that far surpassed anything that had ever come into our lives before. We realized the simplicity of the Christianity that we had so long stood in awe of. We saw things from their fundamental standpoints. We, indeed, were lifted up, and we viewed things in their real proportions.

We realized that the things that we had cherished so much were but mere illusions in comparison with the things of eternity. What is the sacrifice—if we choose to call it such—of giving up fifteen minutes of each day in prayer, as compared with the sacrifice of thirty of the best years of His life toiling and ministering among mankind? What is the sacrifice of a cherished hope compared with the sacrifice of His life on the cross? We learned as never before to see things in their universal proportions. As it were, we were lifted up and the scales fell from our eyes.

We learned too, that the world of today is looking to its students for leaders and standards; that we must answer this call and answer it efficiently; that our responsibility to our country, to humanity, and above all to our God, must be faced by us individually. In a manner, we shook off all those childish ideas that we had and we assumed a new life.

The six hundred girls of that Conference went back to their respective colleges with a vision and potentiality large enough to revolutionize the whole life of the South. Each girl resolved in her heart that:

“As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold, I will build me a nest in the greatness of God:  
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies  
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh  
and the skies;

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
I will heartily lay me a hold on the greatness of God.”

## A Glance Toward Blue Ridge

*Flossie Nairne*

**J**UST THREE MILES from a little station called Black Mountain in North Carolina, and lying almost hidden from the rest of the world by the mountain ridges, is this wonderful spot known as *Blue Ridge*. Here, each year, about eighty schools are represented; Farmville, of course, standing among the first in number as well as in enthusiasm and ability!

Although the delegation last year arrived in pouring rain, our spirits were not dampened in the least, for everything was new and very interesting.

In front of us stood Robert E. Lee Hall, while on the long verandas were smiling faces ready to greet each delegate—and I would say right here, that Blue Ridge is thoroughly friendly. One cannot go to Blue Ridge purely as an onlooker; every one is willing to give and take. Just whole heartedness, frankness and love rule.

Just back of Robert E. Lee Hall is the dining hall. At the first notes of the bugle call to meals, the people start towards the dining hall, for what appetites Blue Ridgers have! The meal-hour possesses an attractive feature that is especially attractive to girls there for the first time. During the meal, at the beginning, or in fact, whenever the spirit moves them, a group of girls representing a college stand and sing to their college, to different members of the faculty, or to Blue Ridge itself. I remember Brenau used to make the building ring with her song:

*Hail! Blue Ridge, Hail!  
Hail! Blue Ridge, Hail!  
O Conference, best of all the rest,  
Our praises never fail!*

The vim and joy with which the girls sing stay with one, so that nearly two-thirds of those present find themselves humming the same tune as they leave the hall.

Now we come to the cottages. These are situated at different distances from each other, a little to the rear. It is not far before coming to "Farmville State Normal" and right under that "Virginia Polytechnic Institute," written in bold letters across the door. This is our home for ten short days!

I may say here, that you must be sure to "draw" for the sleeping porch before you leave for Blue Ridge; because if you happen to be one of the lucky seven to draw the right number, you have the whole journey before you in which to anticipate what fun it holds for you! (But I beg to differ with him who said, 'Anticipation is better than realization.' Nothing is disappointing at Blue Ridge; and this is one of the nicest things about it.)

To have a cot on the sleeping porch means to be awakened by the clear notes of the bugle call to rise, and on looking out, to see the peaks of the Blue Ridge mountains, stretching in undulations, with pinkness on the tips caught from the rising sun. Between their ridges and down at their bases white clouds, too, barely floating, have come within the rays of the sun, and have become delicately tinted like a rainbow. Then they rise slowly, and in a little while we find the cottage enveloped in them!

Then, at evening, just before quiet hour—the hour in which a great, roaring fire is made, and all gather round to talk over the day, and those things that have struck each of us most forcibly—just before this "get together hour," one may look to the mountains as they stand stately and silent against the sombre sky. There is a chill in the air. The rapidly setting sun in dusk makes a grayness in the foreground with the tall dark objects looming up behind. Perfect quiet—except for the gentle swishing of the stream

falling over rocks below. One has a subdued feeling, together with a great calmness. One begins to realize more truly his existence then—and with, perhaps, a peculiar feeling of awe and reverence for the Creator of all things beautiful, must turn away from this vision of His handiwork with a stronger resolution to be ready for service.

## A Typical Case of School Life

*Lucy Davis*

**I**LOOKED at my watch and it was five minutes after eight. The last study bell had rung thirty-five minutes before, and I was still waiting for May Bliss and Sue Jones, my room-mates, to bring me my book, which they had borrowed from me that afternoon. I could feel myself growing angry, even though I tried to keep down my bitter feelings. Impatiently I walked to the window and looked out into the night. The view that met my sight was by no means one that would cause me to be more cheerful. A thick mist was falling, which looked very much like snow as it fell through the rays of the light from the lamp post on the corner. One or two figures could be seen hurrying along the wet, muddy street. Every few minutes a girl ran across the bridge leading to the west wing of the buliding, and as she ran, the boards on the bridge thumped and creaked.

As I stood there at the window I was planning to myself just what I would say to May and Sue when they returned. If I could only do or say something to break them of borrowing and of using other people's things I would be happy! It was not that I did not want them to use my things, but I realized that they were forming a bad habit, which would likely grow on them as the years passed. As I was a junior and they were second-year high school girls, I naturally felt that I ought to use my influence and warn them against such a habit.

My planning was knocked in the head as May and Sue rushed into the room, exclaiming: "Oh! just look at this nice box of candy. We have been having the best time ever. Just loads of fun. Wish you had been with us. We saw a lot of soldier boys."

"I imagine you have seen a soldier boy," I said with my most dignified air, looking accusingly at the box of candy. "And if you don't mind you will be sick with a cold, out in this damp weather."

"Come, Grace, don't preach. Have some candy? It is dandy," said May, holding the box towards me.

"There, I knew you were a jolly one and would not fuss or report us," she continued, as I reached for a piece of candy.

We ate candy and chatted on for a minute or so, when finally the test for the next day rose before me, and I said, "This is very nice and pleasant, but I am afraid my test-mark will not be so nice if I don't begin studying. Where is my biology book you borrowed this afternoon? I have been waiting about forty-five minutes for you girls to bring it to me."

"What did you do with that book, May?" said Sue, trying to think where they had left it.

"Oh! I know. We left it on the table at the second floor rotunda. Wait a minute, I will get it." And with that, Sue ran out of the room, closing the door with a bang.

"Here goes the last piece of candy," said May as she threw the box into the trash basket. "And here goes *me* to the library."

"I hope you are not going to keep on those wet clothes. You will take pneumonia if you don't mind," I reminded her.

"Well, I haven't time to change my clothes now, for the library will close in a few minutes and I have to look up something for that eight-fifteen class tomorrow morning. Lend me your sweater, for mine is damp," she continued, putting on the sweater as she spoke.

"Where is your fountain pen? I have looked through this desk and it can't be found. I have just got to have it to take to the library."

"I am sure I don't know," I said in an impatient

tone of voice. "Sue had it this morning. Here she comes. Perhaps she can tell you where it is."

"What are you two fussing about? Do I know where Grace's pen is? Of course, I don't. It is not mine to keep track of," Sue said, as she threw the book on the table. "But let me think. Yes, I did have it this morning and I think I left it in Carrie's room."

"That means double work for me," said May, "I shall have to take notes with a pencil and then copy them. Just wasting time, and all your fault, Sue."

"It seems to me," I said, as I opened the book to study, "that this borrowing habit you girls are forming not only causes you to waste time, but it works hardships for others."

"Wait a minute, we will talk about that later," said May, in a cheerful voice, as she left the room.

"What can you do with girls like May and Sue," I mused to myself. "Fussing doesn't do any good, for they are so good-natured that they take everything you say as a joke, and before you know it they have you laughing when all the while you intended to be angry."

The next hour was passed in silence except for the turning of leaves and scribbling of pencils. Even when May returned from the library she did not speak a word, but quietly removed her damp clothes and took up a book to read.

The nine forty-five bell suddenly brought us all from our work, and books were shoved back on the table.

"Come on, May. Let's go around to Carrie's room. Lend me your boudoir cap, Grace, for my hair looks a fright."

"Hold on, girls. I have something interesting to tell you," I said as they started from the room.

"Oh! if there is anything interesting we will stay all right," both exclaimed. "Go ahead with it. Carrie is not crying to see us, I guess."

"Well," I began, "you can see from tonight's experience how much trouble borrowing causes, so I have a plan to suggest. Let's make a pledge not to borrow or use anyone else's things for a week, unless it is positively necessary, and see how we like it. If it proves a good plan, then we can take further steps to make a permanent plan of this kind."

For a minute both girls were silent. Then May said, "We are growing into this habit, so I will agree to try it for a week."

"You are a smart one," Sue laughingly said. "You have an idea about that face-powder you bought this afternoon, but if you two agree I will join you."

"So this is a pledge. Let's see who can keep it the longest and the most cheerfully," I said, as I started out of the room.

"Girls, I am going to spend the night next door. Nighty-night—Sleep tight—Sweet dreams."

\* \* \* \* \*

I had just gone to sleep when I was suddenly awakened by loud screams and footsteps hurrying along the hall. The first thing that came into my mind was fire. I leaped from my bed and hurried out into the hall. I found that the trouble was in my own room.

When I reached the door, I was unable to get into the room, because of such a crowd of girls. The screams continued.

"What is the matter? Who is hurt?" I asked first one girl and then another, but no one seemed to know. I pushed my way through the crowd as best I could, expecting every minute to see a blaze of fire or some terrible monster. The first thing I saw was Sue, standing by the table holding something in her hand. She stood as if spellbound and she was shrieking as loud as she could. May stood near by wringing her hands and crying. Both girls' faces were as white as snow.

I rushed up and seized Sue by the arm. "What in the world is the matter?"

"I—am—p-o-i-s-o-n-e-d," she screamed. The crowd of girls were in a state of excitement. Some were weeping; others were exclaiming, "Get Dr. Brydon. Quick! Some one, hurry!"

My eyes turned towards the object in Sue's hand. Instantly I knew the trouble. I burst out in a hearty laugh and at that the noise stopped and all eyes were turned on me, as if waiting an explanation.

Between fits of laughter, I said, "That is not poison in that jar. That is my cold cream and I put it into that jar and labeled it 'Poison' to keep others from using it."

The excitement changed to laughter, and Sue was soon able to explain her end of the bargain.

"I woke up," she said, "and felt as if I couldn't breathe, so I started to get some of Grace's mentholatum thinking it would help my cold. I had swallowed some of it before I noticed the queer taste and when I turned on the light and saw the label 'Poison' I thought I was going to die."

As the girls left the room, laughing and talking, May turned to Sue and said, "Sue, do you remember your pledge?"

"Yes," said Sue, "and I bet I will keep it hereafter."

## \*He and She

*May Blankinship*

HEY had been married for a year and a day, and not yet had any rude hand or incident brushed the down of illusion from the matrimonial peach. He still made love to her and performed the time-honored osculatory rite before departing for his down-town place of business. She still rumpled his hair and called him her Big Boy, her Man, her Only-own, etc.

I repeat, they had been married a year and a day. On the previous evening he had sent her a huge box of roses, and they had gone to the theatre, and celebrated afterwards at *The Plaza*. Now, she was seated across the breakfast table from him. The roses were between them. He always picked up his paper and pretended to read with his coffee. She always pretended to be vexed and forced him to lay the paper aside. This morning his gaze continued riveted to the sheet, even after she had cleared her throat several times. He was absorbing war news. She rose from the table, walked behind his chair and was pretending to read over his shoulder when the cat (he hated cats but had conceded one to her) came rubbing against his legs.

“Get away,” he said in disgusted tones as he gave that representative of the feline species a fierce kick. The bride (for in her own imagination she still was a bride) jumped back hastily. Her husband continued to read, “Sixteen American ships sunk by German

\* Note—If any of you, my dear readers, are inclined to woman suffrage or believe that the woman should always precede the man and would prefer to have the title read “She and He,” I do hereby give you permission to so read it. I wrote it as it is, not because I feel that men are superior to women, but because euphony and tradition, that mother of so many bad customs, would have it so.

raider." "Damn," he said. The bride, who was just about to lay a hand on his shoulder, started back with a look of horror. In her wildest imaginings, she had never pictured a scene like this. "Get out" and "Damn" to her! What would her mother say? Hurt, surprised, humiliated, she fled to her room.

Her husband continued to read the paper absorbently. When he had devoured all the war news he folded the paper slowly and remarked, "The war question is pretty well settled now. We can't keep out of it." He glanced around the roses as he spoke. "Why what has happened to Verna?" he exclaimed as he saw her seat vacant. "Perhaps we stayed out a little too late for her last night and she is sleepy or has a headache. She shouldn't have got up for me. I'll go right down town and not disturb her."

In her room above Verna lay on the bed, her whole body shaking with sobs. To think that she had been told to get out and sworn at! It was too much! When Jim came for his good-bye kiss he should find her as hard as adamant. She would tell him that never again should her lips be so defiled.

She heard him come out of the dining room and sprang for the powder puff to try to efface the signs of weeping. She would not let him know that she cared so much. With the puff poised, she listened, surprised. He was not coming up. Why, he was going down town without kissing her good-bye. Rushing to the window, she saw her husband swinging gaily down the street and twirling his cane as if he hadn't a care in the world.

At about twelve o'clock Jim telephoned to inquire after the headache. "How are you?" he asked Verna, who had been expecting and hoping for a plea of forgiveness.

"Fine, thank you," she answered, "and Jim—I think I shall go down to Glenhurst with Stella for the week-end. She has just called. Good-bye." As

she hung up the receiver with a toss of her head she thought, "I'll show him that I can be as nonchalant as he. The impudence of it! Inquiring after my health as though I were prostrated with grief."

She spent a miserable week-end with Stella and was much teased because she looked so downcast and lonely without her hubby. He stayed at the club, had a good time, and was glad that Verna was in the country with such a congenial crowd.

She came home late Sunday night. Stella and Bob came in with her for a while, and then she went to bed.

The next morning she came down to breakfast determined to be coldly polite. Jim again became absorbed in his newspaper, but she did not try to arouse him. She continued to eat in cold silence. Suddenly she started up as her husband exclaimed, "Get out," in very emphatic tones. Her eyes opened wide with wonder and a dawning look of comprehension as she saw the cat being violently kicked from beneath the table. "Damn," he said as he read that the German atrocities were continuing.

Verna leaned back in her chair and sighed a sigh that was complexly compounded of understanding, relief, and hysteria. As Jim laid the paper aside she looked up and calmly asked, "Do you think we're going to get into this war, Jim?"

Jim looked at her for an instant. He got up, came around the table and took her in his arms. "You grow lovelier every day, dearest. I've missed you so."

They had been married a year and five days and not yet had any rude hand or incident brushed away the down of illusion from the matrimonial peach.

## The Reason

*Marion Linton*

**B**UT I DON'T understand," I cried in dismay. "I don't understand!"

"Perhaps you don't," responded the matron, "but nevertheless you are on the campus for the rest of the year! You really ought to be expelled, but we don't want to spoil your life."

"Well, I reckon I understand what's to happen to me, but you'll never make me believe I've been justly punished. Aren't you even going to tell me why?"

"Not yet—we'll let you think a while, then we'll tell you."

I left the office perfectly dazed. "On the campus for three solid months! No movies! No walks! Nothing but school! In a way, I realized I was lucky, for I could work hard and make high grades, but I didn't understand. I didn't think they had been fair, and I was miserable. Just then I met one of the members of the faculty and asked him if he knew anything about it. He said he didn't, and so I told him what I knew and that I was to be punished for my so-called disgraceful conduct.

"Mr. Bartlett," I said, "I can't think of anything disgraceful I've done except to walk on the grass and to kiss my 'roomie' on the cheek. And I can't see why I should be punished for that."

"You'll come out all right," he said comfortingly, "don't you worry."

So I went on into school and sat down in my room. I simply couldn't understand it! I was heartbroken. Suddenly I heard footsteps in the hall and a knock at my door, but instead of welcoming a visitor I hid under the bed, for I didn't want to look at anybody. Afterwards I crawled into bed and covered my head and gave vent to my feelings. I think I

must have slept a great while, for the next thing I remember was asking some one for a drink of water, and whoever it was, said, "Well, I think you are a little goose."

I was furious, so I walked out of the room, out the front door, and went to the Training School, where I sat down on the steps to think. Suddenly, I realized some one was sitting beside me and I started to go.

"Don't mind me, honey," said It (for I couldn't tell who and what It was), "I won't bother you."

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm trying to decide whether this is a real school or a factory of some sort," It told me.

"You'll never know," I said.

"Why are you sitting here?" It said.

"I don't understand," I said, remembering, and walked away.

"Well," said my friend, "you are crazy to make such a fuss over nothing! Why don't you get to work and try to forget?"

"Maybe that's it," I thought. "I'll write it down and ask. I don't know," I said aloud.

I was still as if in a trance, and felt as if I were hemmed in by walls, so I closed my eyes and thought. The more I thought, the madder I became! I thought of everything I had done since I came to school, from climbing the church steeple to catching a cold, but still I didn't understand.

Suddenly I said to myself, "I will understand," and ran down to the office.

I stood in front of the matron and said again, "I will understand; you must tell me," and sat down.

Just then there was a sound as of falling water and the matron said faintly, "You are to be punished, because every morning at this time—you—have to—"

"Wake up, child, and let me take your temperature," said the nurse, standing by my neat bed in the infirmary.

## An Afternoon Along the River

*"Imp," '17.*

**H**E SLOWLY meandered along the river bank, nervously tossing his cane from side to side and his brow wrinkled as though his mind were deeply concentrated. The evening sun slowly sank in the yellow and crimson clouds of the west and threw its radiant beams across the sky to twine among the branches of the trees and to finally disappear in crystals on the flowing waters of the river. He casually moved along as though no definite place was to be reached or no real aim was in his life; yet he seemed to be dreaming of something in the far away. The little ripples in the water splashed over the pebbles and made the only sound, which met his heedless ears, except that deathly moaning of the wind which helped to make him more despondent; but thanks to Mother Nature that such music has been invented or else Bob Dale would never have found his lost fianceé. For just as he stepped through a thicket a winsome little girl sat straight up on the green moss, which she, a few moments before, had used for a downy couch, with her hand up to her ear as though the same sounds had met her ears. He stood motionless, with one hand holding his cap and the other tightly clutching a strong briar which supported his body, as he leaned over to get a real true glance of the one whom he had not seen for six long years; the one whom he had thought to be dead; the one whom he loved more than anyone else on the globe; and the one whom he could scarcely keep from snatching in his strong arms and pressing to his thumping heart, which now sounded as though it were going to jump right over into Al's lap. Yet he must not approach her but must wait and let her discover the nearness of the one person for whom she had been daily awaiting.

She leaned back on the soft moss and again picked up the book which she had been reading. Such a picturesque scene Rob had never before witnessed. The last rays of the sun sparkled down on the girl's soft brown curly hair, which the naughty wind was mischievously blowing across those pure, innocent, blue eyes, and the two shades blended perfectly with the tiny pink roses which played in her soft cheeks. She was dressed in white—a soft, thin muslin dress, which opened just far enough to reveal a tiny gold necklace which hung about her neck, Ah! what memories that necklace did bring to him—memories of long ago. He could now dimly see the same figure seated on a rustic bench under the honeysuckle vine, his own figure beside her, the moon shining forth as though it wanted to inspire even the very blossoms of the vine, whose perfume scented the night air, and he could hear again the words which were whispered so softly that the waves of the air almost stole them away.

But this suspense could not last much longer. Would she never turn to him. Just at that moment a tiny bluebird—thank God for His blue birds!—jumped from the thicket and frightened the nervous little being so that she leaped to her feet at once, and then her eyes fell right into those of Rob Dale.

At first she stood motionless staring into his face and then she fell backward in a faint, muttering as she fell, "My—! Rob— Where—where?" The rest of the words were not caught. Soon Rob was bending over the stream, moistening his handkerchief and bathing the pale face. The girl's heart beat faster and then her eyes opened and shut quickly.

"Al', my dearest, speak to me. Did the angels of Heaven drop you here in answer to my prayers? All day I've been dreaming of the days gone by and wondering if you—up there in Heaven—could really know of my dreams. Al', how came you here?"

"I've never been dead, Bob! The boat did sink,

but I was rescued and carried off to an island, where I had to stay until last week when a U. S. cruiser stopped there in search of a lost ship, and that brought me home. Are you—still—the same Rob?" and with this she again became unconscious.

Rob Dale then lifted the slender white form in his arms. How could he resist pressing her to his own heart! No—he must not. Just then her eyes opened and he whispered, "Al', can things be as they were before that wretched shipwreck separated us?" And she replied, "Yes. I—am—so happy," as again she closed her eyes and—but only the birds can tell the rest.

## My First Introduction to an E Note

### *Ignoramus*



WAS on my way to my first reading lesson confident that the one thing I could do well was read. I went in and calmly took my seat.

Miss Wheeler called out, "You may read first." I very gladly rose, eager to show all these strange girls and Miss Wheeler how well I could read. I started off.

"When the—etc."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Wheeler.

"When," I said.

"Well go on," said Miss Wheeler.

I read on. All at once Miss Wheeler said, "Do you see the picture?"

The picture? I wondered, mystified. I glanced down at my book. There was certainly no picture there. I glanced upon the wall and not a sign of a picture hung there.

So I calmly answered, "No, ma'am."

"Read it again," ordered the teacher.

I started over again wondering what the matter was. My reverie was soon broken.

"Abominable! Take your seat! Next!" called Miss Wheeler.

I quiveringly took my seat.

The following Monday, when I burst into my room coming up from dinner, my room-mate said in excited tones, "You have a note from Miss Wheeler."

"A note," I shouted, and grabbed it, thinking all the time it was a note of apology for the way she had treated me in class. I opened it. On it was "Reading; E." E?!!? What could that E mean? I could see them flying all around me.

At last my tongue came to my rescue and I yelled out to my room-mate to tell me what that E meant.

She said, "Why that means you flunked on reading."

"Flunked!!!" I shrieked and went down in a huddle on the bed.

But you just bet the next time Miss Wheeler asked me if I saw the picture, I didn't say "No."

# THE FOCUS

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J. L. BUGG, Notary Public.

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## Editorial

### CURRENT EVENTS

We smile with pride when we are told that we have one of the best libraries of any educational institution in the State. Yet when we think about it do we take the proper advantages of these opportunities? How grossly ignorant most of us are of the important events of the day. We read the glaring headlines of the dailies and we have a smattering idea of the real cause of things. For instance, the present war. Yes, we know a grand duke was killed and the war was started; but, how many of us know the real causes of the war? Could we trace the origin back, say forty years? Could we give a complete line-up of the nations engaged in the present conflict, or would we ask as some one did the other day: Whose side is Greece on? Is Von Hindenburg a French or German general?

How many of us glance at a headline like this: "Fifteen-Mile Drive on Von Hindenburg's Lines.

70,000 Prisoners Captured," and pass on, not knowing whether Hindenburg is a Frenchman or a German, and not knowing what this very drive may mean to the destiny of the world, to the very destiny perhaps of our own lives.

An examination was given to a class of sophomores at the University of Chicago. Just such questions as these were asked: Who is Joffre? Who is Gerard? What is spoken of as the Niobe of Nations? Who is the Wizard of Menlo Park, etc.? The majority of the class failed. I wonder how many of us could have passed. I suspect that most of us would have answered, as they did, that Joffre was the name of a cigar, that Gerard was a German statesman, and that the Niobe of Nations was the statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

A member of the faculty, in an address in chapel, once asked how many in the room knew who Judge Ben Barr Lindsey was. A few in the Senior Class raised their hands, and only one lower class girl ventured to raise hers.

Another member once asked, in the fourth year class, what Tammany Hall was and who Bill Murphy was. Only two in the whole class knew. One ventured that Tammany Hall was the place where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and another said that Bill Murphy was a baseball star.

Doesn't this prove to you that we have not used our Reading Room to the best advantage? Perhaps some of us are so busy getting "clippings" from the fashion sheets, that we really have not time to pause for deeper thought. Naturally our conversation dwells along the lines of our reading. Well, then, with what does our conversation deal? I shrink from answering this question.

We hear on every hand that we are living in the greatest epoch that the world has ever known. His-

tory, such as has never been recorded, is being enacted in our midst every day. Is it possible that we shall go on, oblivious to these fundamental facts and merely dabbling in the trivialities of life? As prospective teachers, what ought our attitude to be, and what is our responsibility?

*L. C. H.*

## \* \* \* Here and There \* \* \*

The Normal School Auditorium was well filled with citizens and students last Friday night in response to a call by Mayor Paulett for a patriotic meeting to be held under the auspices of the "National League for Woman's Service" to take action on matters pertaining to the state of war now existing. The meeting was opened with a prayer by Rev. J. C. Painter, after which all joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," led by Miss Munoz. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Richmond, Mayor Paulett and others. At the close of the meeting the students marched out singing "Dixie."

Our Field Day exercises were held on Friday, April 20. The Seniors won in the running high jump, 40-yard dash, baseball throw, and shot put. The Juniors carried off the honors in the three-legged race, running broad jump, and hurdles. The last of the morning events was the class relay race won by the fourth year. In the afternoon the Senior-Junior baseball game was called at 3 o'clock. Final score: Juniors, 12; Seniors, 6. Final points for classes are as follows: Senior 36 points, Junior 36 points, Fourth Year 5 points. Highest number points won by individuals: Marguerite Wyatt (Senior) 17 1-2 points, Bessie Eberwein (Junior) 11 1-2 points, Edna Massenberg (Senior) 5 1-2 points.

The following student government officers were elected for the coming year:

President, Julia Stover.

Senior Vice-President, Josephine Gleaves.

Junior Vice-President, Clara Green.

Junior Vice-President, Louise Thacker.

Secretary, Mildred Dickinson.

Senior Committee, Gertrude Lee, Jessie Brett, Katherine Ellis, Laura Meredith, Margaret Alexander, Blanche Short, Addie Walker, Helen Arthur.

A council for the purpose of training the new cabinets of the Y. W. C. A. was held at Sweet Briar College from April 20 to the 23. The colleges represented there were: Hollins, Randolph-Macon, Westhampton, Sweet Briar, and Farmville. At the meeting, Miss Smith, the executive secretary of this field, and Miss Young and Miss Flenniken, student secretaries, presided. Some of the things discussed were "What it Means to be a Christian in 1917," "What we are Facing in the Religious Life of our College this Next Year," "The Proposed New Membership Basis," "The Departmental Plan," and "Bible Study a Vital Element in the Life of Leadership."

It is impossible to tell how much help we received for carrying on our work, besides the good time we had, and we all came back in love wth Sweet Briar and the Sweet Briar girls who were so nice to us all.

—*Ida Wessells.*

On Saturday night, April 28, the Argus Literary Society held a very interesting meeting in the auditorium. The Society has as its study this term the Modern Drama, and presented to us a sketch of Bernard Shaw's play, "The Chocolate Soldier." At the opening of the meeting the story of the play was told by Verna Marshall, then followed a scene from the first act.

Those taking part were:

Susie Snead . . . . .	The Chocolate Soldier
Myrtle Parker . . . . .	Raina

Mary Lancaster .....	Louka
Elizabeth Lewis.....	The Officer
Elizabeth McCraw.....	Catherine

### CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

A regular open meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society was held in the auditorium, Saturday night, March 19. The course of study for this term has been a study of the world's greatest operas. This particular program took up the life and the works of the great Italian opera writer, Giuseppe Verdi. The following program was given:

Life of Giuseppe Verdi.....	Katherine Ellis
The Story of Il Trovatore.....	Helen Arthur
Instrumental Solo, The Miserere .....	Mamie Carwile
The Barrel Organ (by Alfred Noyes) ..	Shannon Morton
The Passion that Inspired Me.....	
As a Vampire, You May See Her.....	Victrola Records

On March 26, the Cunningham Literary Society took the following girls as members: Annette Alexander, Louisa Glassell, and Florence Williamson.

The Junior Class presented "The Chaperon" in the auditorium, April 19. The performance was in every way a creditable one and each member of the cast deserves special praise. The performance was repeated at Meherrin, April 28, for the benefit of the school there. The cast was as follows:

Miss Morong, principal of Crandon Hall .....	Rebecca Darden
Mrs. Dynecourt, of Shelbourne.....	Helen Brent
Mademoiselle Jeanne.....	Jerome Peck
Jacqueline Dynecourt .....	Katherine Field
Judith Grey.....	Lucile Read
Phyllis Reynolds.....	Margaret Wainwright
Barbara Creighton.....	Evelyn Lloyd
Suzanne Horton.....	Helen Cummins
Lillian Gordon.....	Mildred Lee

Molly Howard . . . . .	Katherine Watkins
Anna Dayton . . . . .	Cornelia Parker
Daisy Rogers . . . . .	Helen Finch
Miriam, the Gypsy . . . . .	Louise Bush
Jill, the Waif . . . . .	Elizabeth Baird
Katie, Mrs. Dynecourt's maid . . . . .	Clara Neblett

On March 30 the Dramatic Club presented "Captain Letterblair," in the auditorium. It has been pronounced the most successful amateur play ever given here. All taking part were indeed a credit to their director, Miss Wheeler. We fell in love with the whole cast, especially Norah and Captain Letterblair, from whom the young men in the audience took notes on how to make love.

The cast was as follows:

Captain Letterblair Linton . . . . .	Mary Ellen White
Dean Ambrose, his uncle . . . . .	Susie McCorkle
Percival Pinkney, Dean's secretary . . . . .	Della Wicker
Francis Merivale, neighboring squire, . . . . .	

suitor to Norah . . . . .	Jessie Brett
Mr. Seton, a lawyer . . . . .	Katherine Anderson
Jorkins, Linton's servant . . . . .	Jessie Kellam
Smithers, Mr. Seton's clerk . . . . .	Annette Alexander
Henry, Dean's servant . . . . .	Patty Buford
Norah Hadden, Mr. Seton's ward . . . . .	Ethel Surface
Polly Messiter, Dean's god-daughter	Mary Lancaster
Hyacinth Messiter, her aunt . . . . .	Ernestine McClung
Lord Willoughby . . . . .	Patty Buford

\* \* \* \* Hit or Miss \* \* \* \*

A conversation that took place between Lena and Jack while at the ball game:

Jack—You see that sub over there?

Lena—Yes.

Jack—Well, he's going to be our best man next next year.

Lena—Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!

"Is your husband much of a provider, Malindy?"

"He jes' ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine ter git some new furniture providin' he gits de money; he gwine ter git de money providin' he go to work; he gwine to work providin' he gits a job dat suits him. I never see sech a providin' man in all my days."—*American Boy*.

Mr. Rabbit—You wouldn't eat a poor little musical genius like me, would you, Mr. Bear?

Mr. Bear—I wouldn't, hey? Why I just love music with my meals.

Waiter (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face)—Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?

Guest—Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell them to boil it down a little.—*American Boy*.

"Little girl, why aren't you provided with an umbrella?"

"Because father hasn't been to church this year."—*Puck*.

D. W.—This gargle medicine tastes funny and it hasn't done me a bit of good, but I guess I'll try again.

J. S. (having just returned from a trip, saw D. W. with the glass of medicine, went up to her and took the glass away)—Thanks.

D. W.—Don't drink it. Are you crazy? Did you know you drank gargle medicine?

J. S.—Well, I wondered where my indigestion medicine had all gone to.

✓ Mr. Eason, is Bridge-water running now? No, probably it was checked by a Board.

Knicker—What is the nth power of patriotism?

Bocker—Enlist.—*Sun*.

A—Why are you taking up botany?

B—Because my fiancé is interested in a plant of some kind, and I want to be able to converse intelligently with him about his business.—*Ex.*

She—I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory.

He—What did he do?

She—Made me pay in advance.—*Ex.*

✓ A preacher's youngster recently asked him: "How much did Eve cost Adam?"

The student of the Bible was compelled to admit that he hadn't seen the bill, whereupon the young American informed him that it was "only one bone."—*Ex.*

Mr. Eason—Most everybody tries to keep up with the styles. Sometimes, however, you see one that has a style of his own regardless of fashion.

Student—What about Mr. Somers?

Mr. E.—Too much for me. I'll ask Somers about that.

Woman—How did you get that Carnegie medal?

Tramp—Heroism, lady; I took it from a guy that was twice my size.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

New Girl—This girl I'm reading about costs her father \$100 a month.

Second Girl—That's nothing, I know a girl that got boxes at the theatre that cost \$125 for one.

New Girl—What on earth did they have in them?

Student—Mr. Coyner, I can't write poetry. Mr. Somers says no one can write poetry unless he is in love.

Mr. Coyner—Somers has it bad then.

Mr. C.—In the Puritan age a man was put in prison for kissing his wife on the doorstep after his return from a sea voyage of three years.

Mr. C. thinks that kissing on the back of the neck is more sanitary.

Junior—Say, who wrote Grey's Elegy in a Country Churchyard?

Fourth Year—(after a moment's thought)—Coleridge.

In Geometry:

Miss T.—How many of you know what a conic section is?

Junior—It is the funny part of a newspaper that comes out first on Sunday.

Miss W.—What is an adjective?

E. W.—An adjective is a word that mortifies a noun.

Tom G.—Don't you know that Mr. Lear was using a piece of a chair as a pointer today, and he almost hit a girl on the head?

C. Howard—Oh! it would have been awful for Mr. Lear to have cracked a nut in his class.

## \* \* \* Book Reviews \* \* \*

Martin, Helen Reiminsnyder (Mrs. Frederic C. Martin)  
Her Husband's Purse.

One of Mrs. Martin's characteristic stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Margaret Berkely, a Southern girl of gentle birth, married Daniel Leitzel, of New Munich, Pa. He is a distinguished lawyer and a rich man, but his ideas of the position of women are those of the middle ages. There has been nothing in Margaret's experience to prepare her for his home, his sisters, and for New Munich generally, but she makes the best of it. She is a woman of spirit and is not downed by her husband's domineering methods. When later circumstances conspire to give her an independent income, her position in her husband's family is altered. The whole story is a plea for the economic independence of women.—*Book Rev. Dig.*

A satire without bitterness and full of human interest.—*Boston Transcript*.

Daniel Leitzel is a caricature of the stage niggard, an utterly unreal bogey of a man; and it is impossible to retain sympathy for a heroine who could endure him for a minute.—*Nation*.

Tarkington Booth. *Seventeen*: A tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William.

Mr. Tarkington knows what it is to be a boy and seventeen, and in love, and to have a small sister Jane who eats bread and butter spread with apple sauce, in the public street, and a father who does not

appreciate his son's need of a dress suit. All this he tells in the story of William Sylvanus Baxter's seventeenth summer, the summer of his love for Lola Pratt, she of the adorable eyes and the inane, babyish lips. His father hasn't much patience with him, neither has his sister Jane, nor the influential Mr. Parcher at whose house Miss Pratt was a guest, but his mother seemed to understand. She knew that all young people do strange things and that they in turn grow up and become middle-aged and look with amazement on the strange things the new young people are doing.—*Book Rev. Dig.*

Love is an old, old story, but no one has ever before depicted it with such skill and humor.—*Cath. World.*

Dodge, Henry Irving: *Skinner's Dress Suit.*

One would not expect a sermon from a book with the above title, but underneath a laughable account of how "Dearie Skinner" covers up his failure to get a "raise" by lying to his wife and paying the raise out of his hard-earned bank account with the terrible consequences of his rashness, becomes a sermon and a fine one in the text: "Any man who wears clothes like a door-mat will let you make a door-mat of him." On the strength of that "raise" Honey insisted that Dearie buy a dress suit, and then the fun begins, because dress suits presuppose attendant luxuries, and in living up to its demands, Skinner ceased to be a "cave man" and became one of the firm. It is a book full of amusing situations, but there are many grains of common sense in all the fun. It shows very plainly that opportunity and self-respect often rest on the consciousness of being well-dressed.—*Lit. Dig.*

\*\*\*\*\* Exchanges \*\*\*\*\*

The society number of *The Blue and Gold* is very interesting. We consider the editorials the best part of the magazine, both as to style and thought. "Habits of Thrift," as well as the article on "Extravagance," contain excellent advice for all who read them. The essay on James Whitcomb Riley shows that the writer has studied the character of the great poet. From the magazine we can see that the literary societies are indeed wide awake and active. Don't you think that an Exchange Department would add to the success of your magazine?

*The Missile* for April is the best high school magazine, taken as a whole, which has come to our hands this month, in that it is representative of the different activities of the school. The one poem, "Vive La France," displays the thought which is now uppermost in the minds of everybody—Patriotism! "The Question" is an original story, well worked out. It solves the question which many are deciding at the time. The editorials are especially good since they deal with subjects of current interest. Although the magazine is full of school news, it is noticeably deficient in the literary department.

Another interesting publication which we have received this month is the *Southwest Standard*. We observe from the magazine that your school, as well as all others, demonstrates the "patriotic spirit." We congratulate you on publishing your paper twice a month.

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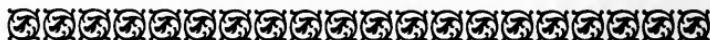
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